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There is one other firm, in Philadelphia, duplicating these bargains—the only one other in the United States. The Palais Royal's share of these Rugs goes on sale Monday. The prices to be asked are so absurdly little that the few thousands here tomorrow morning are apt to be all gone before the store closes. Call early for first choice.

Ingrain Rugs, 12x24 inches, 9c
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Wilton Velvet, 27x30 inches, \$1.19
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Smyrna Rugs, 30x60 inches, \$1.98
Smyrna Rugs, 2x3 yards, \$6.50
Smyrna Rugs, 2½x3½ yards, \$9.50
Smyrna Rugs, 3x4 yards, \$12.00

3C for 5c and 10c Soaps The 25c Boxes of Soap, **10C**

Best Castile Soap for 3c—the guaranteed imported Conti Castile. And Oakley's famous Dime Glycerine soap for 3c. The boxes containing three and four cakes, at 10c, are same as sold for 25c at the drug stores.

The Palais Royal, A. Lisner, G and 11th Streets

A CAMPAIGN WITH CROOK

Fighting Indians in the Seventies
Under "Old Grey Fox."

Reminiscences of a Sergeant on the
Local Police Force—A Wearisome
Chase in Pursuit of the Band
Which Massacred Custer's Force—
Frank Gourard, the Veteran Scout.

"It's all right for you fellows to say that fighting Indians is child's play, but wait until you have had some experience in that line first," said an old sergeant on the Metropolitan police force the other night, when the subject of the recent Crowsaw troubles in the Indian Territory had been going the rounds.

"During the seventies I enlisted and was sent to Fort Laramie, expecting, as did all 'rookies' in those days, to kill an Indian within a day or so after my arrival. But such was not the case, for I was detailed with the rest of my company of the Fourteenth Infantry to guard supply trains going from Laramie to Fort Robinson, a new fort then, named in honor of Lieutenant Robinson, of my regiment, who had been killed near there by a band of Sioux. It was not the sort of work we had expected, and it grew very monotonous.

"Great was our relief when we heard that orders had been issued for us to proceed to Fort Douglas, Utah, and there relieve the Fourth Infantry. The fort was an old-fashioned affair, being built entirely of wood, but we set to work with a will and soon had stone placed in its stead. Everything was moving nicely, and as we were right near Salt Lake City, the fellows had just got acquainted, when 'hurry orders' were received for Companies C, B, and F, of the Fourteenth, to pack up and make ready to join General Crook, who was just repulsed by a large band of Sioux on the Rose Bud River, in the Big Horn country.

"Ordered to Join Crook.
"The orders said we were to join Crook, who was then fitting out a large expedition, which was called the Black Hill expedition, at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, on Goose Creek. Everything was excitement at the post. At last, when the appointed hour for moving drew near and the last good-byes to those remaining in the old fort had been said we marched easily down to Salt Lake to the Union Pacific depot. The railroad carried us as far as Medicine Station, and from there we started on foot for Fort Pettibone, on the Platte River, crossing that stream, which was unusually high, in an old flat boat, which swamped three times, carrying two of the men and a number of live stock with her.

"We had seen no signs of Indians yet, as they had all gone north to unite and make their final stand. At last we ran across Crook's command at the foot of Cloudy Creek, and there we first saw the man whose name was at that time on the lips of every settler in that country—General Crook—or 'Old Grey Fox,' as we had heard him called by the Indians about the post. He was an unassuming man, nothing vain or haughty, in his make-up, in fact in those days we did not have that kind of men in the West. His dress was more like that of a packer instead of a general in the army. When on the march he wore a canvas suit, with a cartridge belt containing 100 rounds of ammunition, a plain sombrero—we had no regular field hat—his face covered with a thick beard, and a fine Springfield rifle swung across the pommel of his saddle.

"You could always see him riding at

the head of the column accompanied by his adjutant, Capt. J. S. Bourke and Frank Gourard, his chief of scouts. No matter how fiercely the bullets rained about him he would never lose his head, and more than that, he never asked a man, be he private or officer, to do something which he would not do himself. Many a night, upon this very expedition into the Black Hills, I saw him with a blanket thrown over his shoulder sitting by the blazing camp fire, his frame outstretched against the dark night, with a piece of bacon on a spit cooking it over the fire for his supper.

Gourard as a Scout.
"You can bet we didn't lose time in getting ready to move into the Indian country. We were only a part of the three different columns that were coming at the heels from three directions, namely, Crook, Custer, and Terry. We had as scouts Frank Gourard, who I believe and know to be one of the greatest scouts that ever lived; Buffalo Bill, and Charley White, otherwise known as 'Buffalo Chips,' a half breed. Gourard was a Hawaiian, and when quite young his parents, who had moved out West, were killed by the Sioux. He was adopted by them and knew the language, I believe, of every tribe of Indians on the Western plains, and as the boys used to say, he could 'smell one a mile.'

"We picked our way cautiously along, seeing plenty of signs of Indians, but having no definite word from a scout came in bringing the news of Custer's massacre, the news producing great excitement among the men and officers alike, for although we had never served under him everybody admired and respected him as a man. General Crook, seeing that the condition of affairs was critical, began making forced marches, and I tell you it kept us 'doughboys' on the go.

A False Alarm.
"While we were coming down Powder River, General Terry was coming from the direction of the Yellowstone, and it was here a funny thing occurred. Both columns had an advance guard composed of Indian scouts, ours being Crook's, and I believe Terry had some friendly Creeks. When our men saw Terry's column come into view they wheeled their ponies and beating them furiously with their rawhide whips, came galloping back to us crying 'Heap Sioux! Heap Sioux!' not stopping until they had reached the end of the column. In the mean time Terry's scouts had also given the alarm and his men were advancing rapidly.

"The shouts of the scouts created great excitement amongst the boys. The command of 'deploy skirmishers' was obeyed in a hurry. The general, accompanied by Gourard, rode rapidly ahead. Gourard recognized the approaching column through his glass as white men and the fight was declared off. Upon the arrival of Terry, both he and Crook held a long conference, and the report of Custer's massacre was verified. I, being a raw recruit, was naturally very anxious to hear something about the affair, and seeing the general and his adjutant, I asked about it. From his statement of what he had learned of the affair, it was a terrible battle, for where Custer's body was found near his horse, over 100 empty cartridge shells were also found, and, although the bodies of most of the men had been cut up in a horrible manner, not a hair on the head of the brave general had been touched.

"While we were camping at this place, Major Reno, with the remnant of Custer's old regiment, the Seventh, arrived. They were far from being in a good humor, some of them saying that if they had to re-enlist, they would stay until they had avenged the death of their dead leader. After a conference of the three commanders, it was decided that owing to the breaking up of the Indians into small bands, after the battle of the Little Big Horn, it would be best for the three columns to separate and work their way among the Black Hills, the trails left by the Indians indicating that the larger

bodies of them had gone in that direction.

Hardships of the March.
"It was upon this expedition through the Black Hills that we marched over a far-stretching country, as level as Pennsylvania Avenue and covered with sage brush. It was then called the 'Cannon Ball.' It took us three days to cross this stretch. In the mean time the condition of some of the boys was pitiable, their shoes having long since been worn out, all extra supply of clothing having been used long since.

"After we left the commands of Reno and Terry, the Yellowstone River, our command was put on half rations, which consisted of eight pieces of hardtack, one-quarter pound of bacon, and a tablespoonful of green coffee. As we were then camped on the middle of the 'Cannon Ball' plain and a heavy rain was beating down upon us we at first thought there would be no chance of making a cheerful camp for that night or of eating anything, for you know, bacon uncooked, coffee unroasted, and hardtack that required an ax would not make a very digestible dinner. Luckily, however, our commissariat, when he came to our rescue with a load of boxes which the hardtack had been shipped to us in, issuing one to each company.

"Going to the Indian country through which we were then marching it became necessary to post pickets a mile or more outside of the lines upon the highest points possible, so that they could obtain a good view of the surrounding country. A sergeant and a squad of men were always told off to perform the task known as night duty, and the picket duty. The men going some distance from the place where the picket was to be mounted and letting that poor unfortunate crawl to his post on his hands and knees to remain there for eight hours.

"The orders we received were not to challenge but to fire at everything we saw move, and I won't forget the night that I was first ordered to post. It was a lonely vigil and after the sergeant and squad had departed I was surprised to find that my teeth were chattering at the prospect of having to do so many hours away from the post. There was not a sound and not a sage brush moved. All at once a lonely coyote set up a howl that only a Western man can appreciate, and I pierced me through and through. I felt the skin on the top of my head grow tight and my hair stood up like porcupine quills.

Nearing the Indians.
"Day after day, we trudged along, it now being warm weather, the men cursing and groaning over their misfortune to have come into the outfit. When we were in the vicinity of Slim Butte, General Crook, noticing the condition of the men, decided to procure provisions at all hazards. Accordingly Lieutenant Bubb, with a picked body of men and horses accompanied by Frank Gourard, set out for Crook City, which was then supposed to be about sixty miles away from us. The detachment did not go far, however, when Gourard, who was always in advance, saw a sign of danger, and came riding quickly back. He had seen Indians. Leaving his pony with us, the brave fellow walked away in the direction of the Indian camp to make a reconnaissance. He reached those, secured the name of the tribe, the number of warriors, who was their chief, and even had the nerve to steal two of their best ponies.

"Without waiting for the rest of the column to come up Lieutenant Bubb decided to attack them early the next morning, twenty men to charge the camp and the rest to deploy as flankers. Accordingly at sunrise the command to begin firing was given, and with a yell of triumph the boys rode pell mell at the tepees of the braves, pouring in a fiery fire. It was too much for the bucks, who mounted their ponies and rode to the timber lands, but not before many a pony lost its rider. The band was a party of Sioux, commanded by White American Horse, and a part of the Indians that

had been engaged in the battle of the Little Big Horn.

"During the battle White American Horse, his squaw, and about twenty warriors, took refuge in a cache, the mouth of which was thickly covered with wild cherry bushes. As soon as the Indians had departed the fellows began ransacking their tepees to see what they could find in the way of tobacco, and two of them wandered in the direction of the cache. Instantly there was a white puff of smoke emerging therefrom, and one of them fell shot through the head. Confusion reigned, and several of the boys started to run over toward the dead soldier and help him buckle carry him to the rear, when Charley White, the scout, who had been watching that place for some time, shouted, 'Look out, boys! Indians in there!'

"While then started to make an investigation himself, and crawled slowly up to the break of the cache, and while trying to peer down through the bushes was shot dead through the heart, by White American Horse, the Indian who had been in the mean time a courier had been despatched for the rest of the column, and soon the boys came into view, marching with long, steady, sure steps, which made the regular army famous.

"Seeing the condition of affairs, 'Old Grey Fox' ordered Frank Gourard to walk out some distance toward the fatal spot, and tell the Indians that if they would come out no harm would be done; that they would simply be sent back on their reservation. Presently an old squaw appeared, and it was discovered that American Horse was badly wounded. He died in a few days.

The Fight at Slim Butte.

"About sunset, just as we were mounting guard, the crack of rifles sounded upon all sides of us, for we were in a kind of valley, and there were two big hills on each side. We knew then that the Battle of Slim Butte had opened, for the Indians who had escaped had brought back reinforcements. Orders were issued that every man expose himself in order to get a good head on us, and as fast as they would do so there would be another 'good Indian.' The fire now grew fiercer, the hostiles evidently determined to capture their camp, and for two long hours we blazed away at each other, until they, seeing that we were too much for them, retreated, keeping up a dilly dory firing from behind bushes in order to get a good head on us, and as fast as they would do so there would be another 'good Indian.' The fire now grew fiercer, the hostiles evidently determined to capture their camp, and for two long hours we blazed away at each other, until they, seeing that we were too much for them, retreated, keeping up a dilly dory firing from behind bushes in order to get a good head on us, and as fast as they would do so there would be another 'good Indian.'

"The next morning we discovered that the band which we had been fighting numbered over 600 red men and was a part of Sitting Bull's braves. The tepees of their camp were then pulled down and thrown in a heap, and after piling up their buffalo robes and other effects on top, the rubbish was set on fire. We then started immediately for Crook City. In two days' time we reached that place, and a more tired and hungry lot of men you never saw. After having received a rest of about two weeks, and being fed up to the limit, we were just about to start on another campaign when orders were received directing us to go to Fort Robinson."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The largest audience of the season was present at the last meeting of the Euterpe Musical Club, held Monday evening at its hall, 615 Ninth Street. The programme rendered, which was greatly enjoyed by all present, was as follows: "Invitation to the Dance" (Von Weber), four hands, piano, Miss Nettie Law and Miss J. H. Locker; "Oh, That We Two Were Maying" (Nevin), Miss Blanche Muir-Dalziel; trio, "Meditation" (Richard), Miss Florence Wieser, cello; Mr. William H. Schuch, violin; Mr. A. C. Fronani, piano. "Meditation" (Tosti), "Summer" (Chaminade), Mrs. Iry Herriott-Shade; Sonata No. IV (Handel), Mr. William H. Schuch; quartette (female) (Schubert), Mr. C. E. Bayly, Miss E. Dudley, Miss Houchen, Miss Salome Wingate; "Poem Erotique" and "Vogelien" (Grieg), Miss Anna Marshall; "Arabesque" (MacDowell), "Nocturne" (Field), Mr. Angelo C. Fronani; quartette, piano and strings (Pesch), Mr. Raphael Koster, violin; Mr. William H. Schuch, viola; Miss Florence Wieser, cello; Mr. Angelo C. Fronani, piano.

The active membership list of the club now contains over fifty names and includes some of the best soloists, vocal and instrumental, in the city. The many friends and acquaintances of the director of the club, Mr. Angelo C. Fronani, will be given an opportunity to hear him in piano recital at the Washington Club, on February 28. He will be assisted by Mrs. Herriott-Shade, soprano, a pupil of Thiers, in New York.

An interesting programme arranged for the concert to be given by the Bakeman String Quartette Thursday evening, February 21, at the Shoreham banquet hall, will include the String Quartette op. 12, by Mendelssohn, violin solo, "Romance and Rondo," "Wienawski," "Andante" and variations, op. 18, No. 5, Beethoven, and a piano quintette, op. 17, by Schumann. Mr. S. M. Fabian, a well-known pianist of great ability, will assist the quartette.

Mr. H. H. Freeman, organist, will give a series of free recitals at St. John's Church on the Saturday afternoons in Lent. The first recital will take place on the 23d instant, when Mr. Freeman will be assisted by Miss Anita Clusa, harpist, and Mr. Charles F. Roberts, baritone. On each programme the names of the soloists for the following recital will be announced. The recitals will begin promptly at 4:45 and are only about fifty minutes in length.

Mr. Koidel has engaged several prominent local musicians, including Mrs. W. L. Wilson, soprano, and Mr. William E. Green, violinist, as soloists for the neallian and piano recitals given every Friday evening at Knabe Hall.

An enjoyable musicale was given last Friday at the Luther Memorial Church by the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lent, assisted by Messrs. Josef Finkel, Robert Stearns, Tyler Nordinger, Dore Wolfstainer, and August Heck. An orchestra composed of twenty-nine violins, two violas, six violoncellos, two double basses, and four pianos, was a prominent feature, and did credit to Mr. Lent's careful training. The first part of the programme, devoted to the juniors, included march for string orchestra and piano, Lent, "Slumber Song" piano, Gur-Hitt, Miss Ruth Daakam; "Pastoral" piano, Hitt, Master Harry Baringer; "Bolero" piano, Ravina, Master David Kinnerger; "Redowa" for violin, Walberstein, Miss Edith Fry; "Cenerentola" for violin, Dancila, Master Mark Lanasberg; "Freischuetz Panasia" for violin, Weber, Master Richard Fry; "Reverie" violin, Gilles, Miss Lillian Coblentz; "Third Au Varie" violin, Dancila, Master

Rudolf Lent; "Romanze" violoncello, Goltzmann, Master Wilmar Lent; andante for violoncello and piano, Goltzmann, Master Helen Bastianelli and Master Adrian Bastianelli.

The more advanced pupils, some of whom play almost as well as many professionals, rendered the following numbers: Symphony in G minor, first movement, Mozart, pianos and strings, Mozart-Grieg, adagio molto from the "Phantasie Sonata" for two pianos, Miss McClellan; "Air de Ballet" violins, Wachs, Miss Mae Stoops; "Reverie," violin, Simon, Miss Helena Zimmermann; mazurka for violin, Moszkowski, Miss Mabel Montgomery; Beethoven's concertos in C minor, for piano with orchestral accompaniment, Mrs. Jessie Crocken; Beethoven's concertos in C major, for piano with orchestral accompaniment, Miss Iva Martin; andante from "Concertstück," for violin, Wagner-Wilhelm, Mr. Clarence Whitmore; "Faust Fantasia," violin, Alfred, Miss Florence Stevens; "Concertstück," for piano with orchestra, Weber, Miss Rose Haas.

The choir of Immaculate Conception Church will sing Haydn's "First Mass" this morning, the offertory being "Jesu Dei Filius," sung by Miss Latimer, soprano; Mr. H. O. Cook, tenor, and Mr. T. A. Murray, bass. Last Sunday evening Willard's "Vespers" were sung by request. The soloists in the absence of Miss Latimer, were sustained by Mrs. Clara B. Smith, the leader of the choir, whose voice still retains much of its former strength and brilliancy.

Mrs. Charles C. Rogers, pianist, will furnish the music for the blind this week. On a recent occasion, when the prevalence of grip and colds threatened to deprive the blind people of the District of their usual weekly concert, some of the gentlemen from the Library of Congress, Mr. C. Alvord, baritone; Mr. H. L. Ogden, bass, and Mr. L. R. Young, violin, came to the relief of the managers and with the

assistance of Mr. Fronani at the piano rendered a most enjoyable impromptu programme.

The choirs of Ascension and Trinity have already commenced the rehearsal of Gault's "Passion Service," which will be given, directed by Mr. William A. Kirkpatrick, the evening of Good Friday. Mr. Kirkpatrick is indefatigable in his efforts to promote good church music. It is rumored that he will soon assume charge of a third church choir in addition to the two which are already under his direction.

The two concerts already given by the Philharmonic Orchestra have proved conclusively what good material there is among Washington musicians and how fully capable they are of interpreting the classics with justice to the composer. The third concert, which was to have taken place March 17, may possibly be postponed until later in the season, as the director, Mr. Santelmann, is also rehearsing for his coming tour, which will commence March 18, and continue for six weeks. The band will go as far South as Nashville, then West to Denver, and East to Boston. A very successful season is predicted.

Miss Mabel Latimer, soprano of Immaculate Conception Church, has recovered from an attack of the grip, and will resume her place in the choir today. At yesterday's service she sang an "O Salutaris," arranged to Braga's "Angel's Serenade," with violin obligato played by Miss May King. Miss Latimer has a soprano voice of excellent range and dramatic quality. Her singing is characterized by earnestness and accuracy. A trio from this choir, Miss Latimer, Mr. H. O. Cook, and Mr. T. A. Murray, recently sang two trios for the Saengerbund, at one of their Sunday night musicales, and scored a decided success.

Wash. B. Williams.

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